

# The Desert

## TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 7.

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VOL. I.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. INCHBALD.

SOME are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." To the middle class of these characters belongs the subject of the present memoir. She has achieved it too by the mere dint of her own genius and resolution, and owes no obligation to circumstance which the world would call favorable in her outset, to patronage in her pursuit of greatness, or to favour in her attainment of it. Few women have had more of the difficulties of life to encounter than Mrs. Inchbald, and still fewer have had the magnanimity to find their way through them. The *Sketch* that is to follow, for which we are in a great part indebted to a work not now in circulation, will very forcibly illustrate the truth of the remark.—Our readers may rely with confidence on its authenticity.

The beginning of the present century was distinguished by what has been properly denominated a constellation of geniuses, composed of men, whose names will all descend to posterity; whilst the transactions of some of them are already lost in oblivion; and we search in vain for genuine accounts of several writers, from whose labours we derive instruction and amusement. If the morning of the present age was thus rendered brilliant by such men, a constellation of female genius, no less splendid, illumines the evening, and gives peculiar grace to the close of that century which will speedily be gone forever.

It is an usual observation, and commonly true, that the life of an author is seldom sufficiently diversified to be generally entertaining. An exception to this general rule is furnished us in the memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald, who by her various dramatic pieces, has rendered her welfare an object of public concern, and her memoirs an object of public inquiry.

Mr. Simpson, a very reputable farmer, near Bury, St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, was happy in being surrounded with a family of children, remarkably handsome, among whom our heroine was more particularly distinguished for beauty. In her infancy Mr. Simpson died; and her mother, who appears to have been a person of great goodness and discretion, continued to occupy the farm, and brought up her children with the most decent respectability. We have said that our heroine was extremely beautiful; but nature seldom produces perfection; and Miss Simpson was almost prevented the power of articulation, by an impediment which rendered all she attempted to say unintelligible to such as had not been accustomed to hear her. This misfortune so greatly intimidated her, before strangers, and preyed so much upon her spirits, that in her earliest days she preferred solitude to all society, and 'Melancholy marked her for her own.'—Under this affliction, books became her chief

companions, and she particularly delighted in such as contained descriptions of life directly opposite to her own. And thus it generally happens, that they who are in the immediate enjoyment of solitude are captivated with the ideal pleasures of active society; whilst those who are obliged to bear the heat and burden of the day in the acquisition of a competence, sigh for the felicities of retirement.

The disposition our heroine had shewn for solitude, was forced upon her by an incapacity to enjoy the delights of social intercourse; but habit had rendered it apparently natural. Curiosity, however, strengthened by her reading, induced her at the age of thirteen, frequently to declare, 'that she would rather die than live any longer without seeing the world.' Anxious to become acquainted with such customs and manners as she had read of in newspapers and magazines, and, above all, to see the metropolis, of which young minds ever entertain the most romantic ideas, she proposed many plans for the accomplishment of her purpose, but they were constantly rejected by her friends, and she was positively enjoined not to indulge a thought so dangerous to her own safety, and the peace of the family.

But this desire increasing with her years, she at length resolved to effect by stratagem the design which she could not accomplish by permission. She was now sixteen years of age, and was become still more beautiful: her hair was of that bright gold-colour, so much celebrated by eminent poets and painters: her complexion was the glow of loveliness itself; her eyes dark, and her teeth exquisitely white: she was tall, and the symmetry of her person was elegant and correspondent to every description of perfect drawing. Such was our heroine, when, in the year 1772, about the end of February, at an early hour in the morning, she stole away unperceived by any of the family, furnished only with a few necessaries, which she had previously packed up in a band-box, and ran about two miles across some fields to the London road, where, with an indescribable perturbation, she waited the coming of the Diligence, which speedily conveyed her to 'that spot of glory, and that world of woe,' the metropolis.

Eloquents usually excite romantic ideas; though, that a love-sick girl should risk every thing for the man she loves, is surely not very wonderful; but that a young and beautiful female, without communicating her intention to any one, destitute, not only of a lover, but even of a confidant, should 'wander forth, to see the world, alone,' is a phenomenon which would better suit the page of fiction than of history.

But the most romantic projects of youth are seldom adopted without a reference to the accomplishment of some rational purpose, or the attainment of some particular pleasure. Curio-

sity after every thing worthy of curiosity, and that knowledge of the world, which is so frequently extolled as the most laudable acquisition, induced our fair adventurer to pursue a conduct which, at first, strikes us with an idea of singular indifference. She did not, however, quit her home without some settled plan. She had often heard her family speak of the wife of a tradesman, who was a distant relation, and lived opposite to Northumberland House, in the Strand. To this relation she determined to apply, and conceived that, after having made herself known, she should be permitted to remain under her care till she had indulged that curiosity by which she had been prompted to take this extraordinary step, and for which she intended to solicit her mother's pardon by writing to her from this asylum. But alas! to our adventurer no such asylum was open; for, on arriving at the house in a hackney-coach, which she took on quitting the Diligence, she had the inconceivable mortification to find that it was no longer occupied by persons related to her; they had retired from business, and taken up their residence in Wales; a circumstance with which her friends were unacquainted, as no regular correspondence was held between the two families.

It was near ten at night when our heroine received these dismal tidings. The surprise and distress discovered in her countenance could not but claim the attention of those to whom she was speaking. She appeared before them harassed, alarmed, and evidently without a place to shelter in. She acknowledged her situation, and requested they would permit her to remain with them till she had time to consider whether to go for the remainder of the night. Touched with pity, the people of the house complied with her request; and this civility, more than her situation, filling her eyes with tears, her hospitable friends were induced to promise that she should stay the whole night; and desired that she would make herself easy, with a kindness and good-nature so unexpected as to raise in her mind suspicions of a more alarming nature than any which she had yet conceived on finding herself in London without a friend to receive her.

As her knowledge of the world had been chiefly gathered from the perusal of novels, she had read too many stories of the various arts of seduction, and was too handsome, not to render the motives of peculiar civility in strangers extremely suspicious; and she now began to imagine herself the immediate object of seducing artifice.—In this idea she was confirmed by having heard the people in the shop whisper, as she passed through it, 'How beautiful!' and the coachman on receiving his fare, and leaving her to their protection, significantly bade them 'make the most of her.' But what more fully convinced her, was the entrance of an elderly corpulent woman, so perfectly answerable to



the usual description, in novels, of a procuress, that our heroine deemed her safety to consist in another elopement. Therefore, snatching up her band-box, she suddenly, and without a single word, rushed out of the house, leaving the good people, in the midst of their tenderness and compassion, to stare at each other, and to reprove their ill-timed pity.

Fatigued at length with the precipitancy of her flight, she stopped a moment to rest her box upon a post in the street; and now the horrors of her situation presented themselves in colours more dreadful than ever. To procure a lodging for the remainder of the night, without exposing herself to the arts and impositions of licentious men, or of mercenary women, she thought would be impracticable without having recourse to stratagem; for the inexperienced are too apt to conclude that deceit only can prevail against deceit, and that artifice is to be undermined only by artifice. After ruminating some time, a thought suggested itself, that could she conceal the circumstance of her being a country girl, she would have nothing to dread from those whom she considered as the unprincipled and inhuman destroyers of female innocence. Without reflecting, then, on what questions might be asked her under any assumed character, she spiritedly entered the first house which she saw exhibit *Lodgings to let*; saying, that 'she was a milliner's apprentice, accustomed to London, and wanted lodgings only for a night or two, because her mistress having unexpectedly a number of visitors from the country, was obliged to give up all her beds.' The people to whom this tale was addressed, expressed their doubts of her veracity, which she strongly asserted, when turning her head, she beheld the identical tradesman, from whose house she had just escaped, an attentive auditor to her new story. He had made bold to trace his uncommon visitor, and, confronting her with the relation she had given him, of being just arrived from the country, gave her a sense of shame and of guilt, to which her bosom had hitherto been an utter stranger.

In this dilemma, the unfortunate wanderer, sharply casting her eye on the band-box, meditated another elopement. She was stopped in the attempt, and the door was locked. As a detected impostor, she was now obliged to endure the harsh menaces of those around her, who threatened to send her to prison, unless she discovered her abettors, and the end proposed by her imposition. Reduced to this extremity, she again had recourse to sincerity, and, with a flood of tears, once more candidly confessed who and what she was; protesting that her own preservation, rather than the wrong of another, tempted her to use the falsehoods of which she had been guilty. But truth itself was now of little avail: and the woman of the house, with a sort of savage love of honesty, was on the point of ordering a constable, when a fuddled exclamation directed the attention of all to another object. A boy, about twelve years of age, with a heart as tender as his years, pitying the distress, and moved by the supplications of the lovely wanderer, cried to see her cry, and loudly threatened his mother never to go to school again if she did not let the young lady go without sending for a constable. This oratory proved irresistible:

the outrageous justice of the woman subsided. Our poor adventurer, after being insuitingly told to 'Repent!' was turned out of doors near midnight; and with an aching heart and streaming eyes, left to wander the streets of London.

Exposed to those insults which females usually encounter when unprotected they ramble the streets at midnight, our heroine wandered where chance directed her, till the clock struck two, when she found herself at Holborn bridge, and saw a stage coach setting off for York, hearing, at the same time, the coachman tell a person who asked for a place, that there was not one to spare; it immediately occurred to her to ask the same question, and on receiving the same answer, to solicit for lodgings at the inn, as a disappointed passenger, and thus escape the frightful hazards to which she was liable in the streets.—Happily this scheme succeeded; but not without evident suspicions of her character, on the part of her host and hostess. These suspicions, however, afforded her the consolation of an assurance that she had nothing to apprehend in this house, where her youth and beauty seemed the only bar to a kind reception; the landlady taking the precaution to lock the door of the wretched place in which Miss Simpson was permitted to sleep, and, like a careful duenna, wisely putting the key in her pocket.

Our adventurer arose at her usual hour; but having no bell, or any means, from the height she was lodged, to let the family know she was up, and they sagaciously concluded, that ladies who go to bed at two in the morning, are in no haste to rise, she was left to ruminate on her situation till noon. She could not but deplore her fate: and yet she was more inclined to pursue it, than to return home, and suffer the reproach of indiscretion, with the still further mortification of not having gratified that curiosity, which had led her into a situation at once so extraordinary and disagreeable. 'Mine hostess' at length released her fair prisoner, and informed her that the York coach would set out again that evening. This information was delivered with an air of severity, and as if she suspected that her lodger had no intention of becoming a passenger. Our poor adventurer had not courage to justify that suspicion, but laid down her whole stock of money, to the last half-crown, for the purpose of securing herself a place in the machine for a journey which she never intended to take. This, however, satisfied the landlady, who desired Miss Simpson to walk down to breakfast; but she excused herself, under the pretence that she was in haste to call on a relation in another part of the town, in order to inform her of the disappointment she had experienced in not leaving London the preceding evening. By this apology she saved the expence of a breakfast, which she was by no means inclined to taste, and thought she could thus secure another night's lodging at an unsuspected house. On her return to the inn, therefore, she said her relation had requested her to remain in town a few days longer; and by this artifice secured her wretched apartment; and while our unfortunate heroine daily took a walk merely to purchase what her slender finances could afford, the people of the inn supposed Miss Simpson to be feasting with her relations. She was now in the utmost distress: it is a fact, that two half-

penny rolls, with water from the bottle in her chamber, were all that she subsisted on during the last ten days she was at the inn.

(To be continued.)

## THE TRIAL OF PLEASURE.

BEFORE THE JUDGE PHILOSOPHY.

THE trial was opened, and *Pleasure* brought to the bar.

*Repentance* appeared to prosecute her.

The judge *Philosophy*, with eyes severe, observed her; beneath him sat with folded arms fullen *Melancholy*; *Reflection*, with wrinkled forehead and close contracted brow, opened the indictment; and *Squint-eyed Care* with dark *Distrust* were appointed to examine the witnesses.

The *Senses* were first called in, to give their testimony against her; but it was objected by the prisoner's counsel, *Desire*, *Fancy* and *Hope*, that they could not be witnesses, since they were sure either to gain or lose by the trial.

The *Senses* declared for themselves, that they were not proper to speak to it, since they were but subordinate to the *Will*, and served only as messengers to convey the ideas to the *Mind*; that they were no more than passengers in a ship, while the *Will* stood at the helm.

The *Will* was called in, who swore, that he was always ruled by the *Senses*; that they had run him into numberless inconveniences; and, not contented with that, they had cruelly chained him like a slave to a whimsical tyrant, called *Fashion*, who used him very barbarously; on which an order was immediately issued out to attach him, and bring *Fashion* before the court; and in mean time they proceeded with the trial of *Pleasure*.

The first evidence that was called, was a young fellow with a pallid sickly countenance; his small legs scarcely could support him to crawl to court; he was often obliged to stop for want of breath, and, in a shrill squeaking voice, he deposed the following evidence.

That to his knowledge the prisoner was the greatest jilt in nature, he had thrown away a very good estate, and spoiled a strong constitution in following her, that she had continually given him hopes of enjoyment, but always deceived him; that his first acquaintance with her was at college, where she tempted him, in the shape of a beautiful pointer, to forsake his studies and follow her; he immediately set up his equipage to honour her; ran after her, from horse-race to horse-race, followed her to the hazard-table, pursued her among women in the town, searched every tavern for her; but still he had missed meeting her.

At the tavern indeed, he had sometimes a glimpse of her, but that he began drinking so young, that he was seldom there in a capacity to enjoy her; always either dull or drunk; when sober, he was most commonly sick; and when fuddled, always for fighting; so, upon the whole, he told the court (swearing by his Maker) she was an impudent jilt, and had bilked him.

The next witness was a lady, a fine delicate moulded female. She slid gracefully into court, with her hoop held high before her, and immediately ran up to embrace the prisoner, but was prevented by the prime sergent, *Reflection*, who asked her if she knew the criminal? upon which, with a full stare, and lips wide open, she burst into the prettiest laugh, fell from thence into the most innocent confusion, sweetly excused herself in a very becoming lisp, and with a slow curtsy sunk negligently down on the bench between the prisoner's counsel, *Fancy* and *Hope*.

She was again interrogated about her knowledge of the prisoner; she told the court, the lady at the bar was her intimate;



that they had been brought up from their childhood together; and truly, that the judge was a fright, and the rest of the bench a parcel of queer creatures, not to let so fine a lady sit down among them.

Then turning to the prisoner, she invited her to a drum, and told her what charming company was to be at it; as for instance, Miss Rout, Madam Raquet, Widow Hurricane, Lady dowager Drum, and the Dutchess of Helter Skelter; then she hastily got up, hummed an opera tune, and with a round-about sweep, whisked away to her chair in an instant.

The next evidence was an old man; though stricken in years, his countenance had not yet lost all the marks of florid health; in his face, the bloom of manhood seemed to contend with the winter of age.

He gave his evidence as follows.

Behold most grave judge, one of the unhappiest among mankind. I have all my life been searching after pleasure, fooled by that lady the prisoner, till at last I am involved in an irredeemable series of miseries.

In my juvenile days, I had often read of the prisoner Pleasure, I was charmed with her character, I longed to be acquainted with her, I thought of nothing but her, I fell in love with her, and like other lovers turned poet to please her.

I courted the sciences, for her sake, but in poetry, I flattered myself I should soonest find her; but, alas! where I expected pleasure, I met with pain; I was blamed as an idler, condemned as a plagiarist, or punished by the ignorant and envious with derision. I next applied myself to traffic, I crossed the seas for gain, I increased my fortune, but not my pleasure.

Tempests, robbers, breaches in trade, disappointments, damped all hopes of enjoying her; I then recollected I had gained enough, I resolved to rest myself, and in case was in hopes to find her.

Again I was mistaken; while at rest, I was uneasy, I grew discontented with having nothing to do;—I then resolved to exercise my mind, and I began to examine the laws of nature.

I studied them, I inquired into primary causes; but, alas! all I obtained, was an insatiable desire to know more than could be known, and a certain sorrowful reflection, that all I did know was insignificant.

I then turned builder; I planned a house, I laid out my gardens, I amused myself among the artists, and then thought I was arrived at true pleasure; but it was still to seek; the workmen's delays disturbed me, they fell out among themselves, I was distracted to decide their quarrels—at length they finished the house, and then I invited my friends, and now I once more thought of being happy. Still I am deceived; my friends I find are flatterers, my neighbours are envious of my riches, my children wish for my death, to possess them, and after all my toils, am, at last, as far from finding pleasure, as the first day I set out after her.

The judge then asked the prisoner, what defence she could make?—She called her witnesses BEAUTY and LOVE.

On their appearance, immediately the whole court was sensibly affected; Melancholy reared his head, Reflection smoothed his brow, Care looked pleased, and Philosophy gave a sigh; when Prudence, who had all this while stood concealed, stepped forth, and ordered the officers of the court, Fear and Distrust, to seize the two witnesses BEAUTY and LOVE, for she had an indictment against them for perjury: therefore objected against their testimony, and insisted on Pleasure's making a defence without their help.

Pleasure immediately began.

Would mankind use me as I deserve, I should never be tried as a criminal, but rewarded as a friend.

They call out upon me to help them, yet, I no sooner come

to their assistance, but they bind me captive to their tempers, and never are for giving me rest.

The youth who appeared against me I never was acquainted with; had he stuck to his studies, he might have found me. He mistook another for me, whom he followed; she is dressed like me, but her name is Folly; it was to her, and not to me, that he owes all his misfortunes.

As to the lady that says I attended her from her infancy, it is false; she had a waiting-maid that attended her, and took my name but her true title was Self-Love.

The last and heaviest charge against me, is the old man's, but he is a hypocrite; I would have attended him always as his wife, but he would use me like a kept mistress, proud of showing the world he possessed me; I despised him for his ostentation; I left him to be more sincerely dealt with, and I—

But why (raising her voice) should I plead among such cold such spiritless judges? come to my rescue, my friends, assist me my allies.

Immediately the Passions came turbulently into court, drove Melancholy away, gagged Repentance; Philosophy hid himself under the table; they trampled upon Reflection, released Pleasure, and made Prudence prisoner, to be tried in her place.

Beauty and Love were to sit as judges; but her trial and what the messenger found, who went to look for Folly, must be referred to another opportunity.

## The Desert.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

The fever which at present devastates our city, has increased within the last week, as may be seen by the following statements:

An Account of the Deaths, which have taken place in the city and suburbs for the last seven days, commencing on Friday the 17th inst. at 8 o'clock in the evening, and ending last evening at 8 o'clock.

	Adults.	Children.
Saturday	12	3
Sunday	23	1
Monday	17	4
Tuesday	18	5
Wednesday	23	5
Thursday	9	6
Friday	24	1
	126	25

32 of which number died at the Hospital.

An Account of the Admissions, Deaths, &c. at the City Hospital, commencing on Friday morning the 17th inst. and ending yesterday morning.

	Admitted.	Died.
Saturday	3	3
Sunday	9	7
Monday	5	5
Tuesday	11	3
Wednesday	11	3
Thursday	11	6
Friday	10	11
	60	32

Eloped - - - - 2  
Discharged - - - - 5  
54 remain in the Hospital, 12 of whom are on the recovery.

An Account of the number of New Cases, collected from the several Physicians, and reported to the Board of Health by Mr. Jarvis, who is appointed for that purpose; commencing on Friday morning the 17th inst. and ending yesterday morning.

Saturday	21
Sunday	41
Monday	51
Tuesday	38
Wednesday	42
Thursday	49

## Hall of Hymen.

When kindred souls in happy union join,  
How sweet their joys, their pleasures how divine!

### MARRIED.

—On Thursday evening the 23d inst. by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. TENCH FRANCIS, junr. to Miss HANNAH ROBERTS, daughter of Mr. Hugh Roberts.

## Repository of Death.

Proud and erect the tyrant walks our streets,  
Death is his name—his minister disease—  
And these the victims of his dread commands!

### DIED.

—On the 15th inst. at Hortensic, in Monmouth county New-Jersey, Mr. JOHN REID, in the 21st year of his age.

—On Thursday and Saturday last, Mr. & Mrs. COCKBURN, of Front near Spruce street.

—On Friday the 17th inst. in the fifteenth year of her age, after a lingering illness, which she supported with exemplary patience, Miss ISABELLA LAKE, daughter of Richard Lake, Esq. of this city, attorney at law.

—On Saturday evening the 18th inst. Mrs. HOMMASEL, wife of Mr. Charles Hommasel, merchant of this city.

—On Sunday morning the 19th inst. about four miles from the city, THOMAS FISHER, son of Mr. Miers Fisher.

—Also—Mr. JOHN CAROYL.

—On Monday evening the 20th inst. GUSTAVUS STILLE, youngest son of Mr. John Stille.

—On Monday evening the 20th inst. Captain SAMUEL SMITH, ship-broker.

—On Tuesday morning the 21st inst. at Germantown, Mrs. DAVIDSON, wife of Mr. Wm. Davidson, of this city.

—On Tuesday the 21st inst. Mr. AARON SMITH, merchant, of the house of John Smith & Co. and son of James Smith of New Carden, Chester County.

—On Tuesday morning the 21st inst. Mr. CONRAD SCHERER, age 64, after a lingering illness, which he bore with great fortitude to the last moment.

—On Wednesday morning the 22d inst. Mr. JOHN REYNOLDS, Tobacconist.

—On Wednesday evening the 22d inst. in Wilmington, of the prevailing fever, Mr. JOSHUA SEAL, Merchant, of this city.

—On Wednesday evening the 22d inst. Mr. CLAUDIUS CHAT, Jeweller.

SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.





## FOR THE DESSERT.

### SONNET TO EVENING.

HAIL! to thy kind effulgence, lucid Eve!  
 Borne on the pinions of the western ray,  
 Descend! the world from pressing toils relieve;  
 And close the eyelids of the languid day!  
 Led by th' illurements of thy magic power,  
 I visit oft some copse, or lonely grove,  
 Enjoy the treasures of thy tranquil hour,  
 Through pleasing scenes in fond remembrance rove!  
 Blest in the fostering mildness of thy reign,  
 All nature pours the tributary lay;  
 Hark! how the songsters carol o'er the plain,  
 And breathe a requiem to departing day!  
 Soft friendship's hour! first favourite of the Nine!  
 To soothe the breast, and warm the soul are thine!

ALFRED.

## FOR THE DESSERT.

### CONSTANCY.—A SONNET.

NOT fiercest flames of the tropic ray,  
 Not wintry rigors of the polar sky,  
 Not deathful tempests bursting on the day,  
 When whirlwinds bellow, and tornados fly;  
 Nor direst terrors of the screaming heath,  
 Though wasteful war her crimson banners wave,  
 Not all the rage of ocean's angry breath,  
 When vengeful lightnings gleam and thunders rave;  
 Nor stronger still, bright beauty's magic ray  
 Divinely shot from mild Lucinda's eyes,  
 Whose smiles add fairness to the fairest day,  
 And load the murmuring gales with plaintive sighs;  
 Nor tortures flaming scourge, nor death's arrest,  
 Can force the fair one's image from my breast!

ALFRED.

### SONNET.—PATIENCE.

SEE black despair with frowning brow,  
 With glaring eyes and heavy heart;  
 See sickness with its feverish glow,  
 To whom death points his ready dart:  
 See misery with trickling tears,  
 With breaking heart and heavy sighs;  
 See love with dark tormenting fears,  
 And furious pain with hollow eyes...  
 Yet all these horrors thou canst calm;  
 At thy approach despair shall fly:  
 'Tis thine to pour the healing balm,  
 And wipe the tears from sorrow's eye.

## HEALTH.

ON a huge rock, above the vast abyss,  
 Whose solid base tumultuous waters lave;  
 Whose airy high-top balmy breezes kiss,  
 Fresh from the white foam of the circling wave.

There ruddy HEALTH, in rude majestic state,  
 His clustring forelock combatting the winds—  
 Bares to each season's change his breast plate,  
 And still fresh vigour from th' encounter finds:

With mighty mind to every fortune brac'd,  
 To every climate each corporeal power,  
 And high-proof heart, impenetrably cas'd,  
 He mocks the quick transitions of the hour.

Now could he hug bleak Zembla's bolted snow,  
 Now to Arabia's heated deserts turn,  
 Yet bid the biting blast more fiercely blow,  
 The scorching sun without abatement burn.

There this bold Outlaw, rising with the morn,  
 His sinewy functions fitted for the toil,  
 Pursues with tireless step the rapturous horn,  
 And bears in triumph back the shaggy spoil.

Or on his rugged range of tow'ring hills,  
 Turns the stiff glebe behind his hardy team;  
 His wide-spread heaths to blithest measures tills,  
 And boasts the joys of life are not a dream!

Then to his airy hut at eve retires,  
 Claps to his open breast his buxom spouse,  
 Basks in his faggot's blaze, his passions fires,  
 And frait supine to rest unbroken bows.

On his smooth forehead, Time's old annual score,  
 Tho' left to furrow, yet disdains to lie;  
 He bids weak sorrow tantalize no more,  
 And puts the cup of care contemptuous by.

If, from some inland height, that skirting bears  
 Its rude encroachments far into the vale,  
 He views where poor dishonour'd nature wears  
 On her soft cheek alone the lily pale;

How will he scorn alliance with the race,  
 Those aspen shoots that shiver at a breath;  
 Children of sloth, that danger dare not face,  
 And find in life but an extended death.

Then from the silken reptiles will he fly,  
 To the bold cliff in bounding transport run,  
 And stretch'd o'er many a wave his ardent eye,  
 Embrace th' enduring Sea-boy as his son!

Yes! thine alone—from pain, from sorrow free,  
 The lengthen'd life with peerless joys replete!  
 Then let me, LORD OF MOUNTAINS, share with thee  
 The hard, the early toil!—the relaxations sweet!

### CONSCIENCE.

As when the sun darts o'er the vivid scene,  
 In gay magnificence and splendour dress,  
 The rill transparent, and the meadow green,  
 Without a shadow or a haze impress:  
 Thus conscience shines, the planet of the soul,  
 As free from mist, as blythe, serene, and gay,  
 No tumults rise, no boisterous passions roll,  
 The morning calm, and calm the setting ray—  
 Yes! she is tranquil as the lunar beam,  
 That sweetly shines resplendant through the brakes,  
 When not a zephyr sighs across the stream,  
 And not a ripple on the shore awakes.  
 A breast which peace and soft contentment crown,  
 Is, like an Elder's bosom, lin'd with down.

## TO —

YOU ask me what is Love; hear all I know!  
 It is not Reason's 'tis not Nature's child—  
 Thus speaks the experience of six thousand years—  
 Reason's too proud, and Nature is too wild.  
 Yet barbarous Nature has been known to feel,  
 And proud Philosophy was learn'd to rest,  
 When pierc'd by Fate's inexorable sting,  
 In sweet dependence on another's breast.  
 When sense and intellect together join,  
 The harmonious union forms the angel Love;  
 Reason must regulate life's mad career,  
 And teach the headlong passions how to move.  
 The effect depends upon its cause; and thus  
 What's perfect must be lov'd: 'tis thus we see  
 The chain divine hold on; and hence  
 The effect is seen in me—the cause in thee.

## NEW NOVELS.

### FOR SALE AT

THOMAS & SAMUEL F. BRADFORD'S

BOOK AND STATIONARY STORE,

No. 8, South Front-street.

THE ITALIAN, OR THE CONFESSIONAL OF THE  
 BLACK PENITENTS;  
 By Mrs. Ratcliffe—2 vols.

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